

# Parable Of The Sower

## Forgive Durden

I've woken again in an ocean of salt  
Drenched from recurring  
Dreams of such horror  
They haunt my eveningsNightmares of a future so absurd  
This fantasy of events could never occur  
Such vivid imagery has me  
Blurring all kinds of lines  
Between here and realityBillboards have replaced all window panes  
Faith is less a feeling and more a mandate  
Fed up are the sun and the moon  
They're burning up and leaving soonMy twisted imagination  
It has a mind of its own  
Wake me from this dream  
My crooked precognition  
Its distance from the truth grows  
Please wake me from this dreamThere's an answer for everything  
Hiding behind child-proof plastic locks  
And under cotton swabs  
There's medicine for every ill  
If the money's right  
The pain can be drowned with a bitter pillAll the women are paper thin  
Their necks barely hold up their heads  
Boys have been trained  
And prepared since birth  
To serve their role  
And fight until their deathMy twisted imagination  
It has a mind of its own  
Wake me from this dream  
My crooked precognition  
Its distance from the truth grows  
Please save me from this dreamIt's only a fabrication  
This place is all in my head  
It's only a fabrication  
This place is all in my headI rub my eyes to find  
This whole time I thought  
I was in a slumber  
They've been open wide

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